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"BRESHKOVSKAYA"—THE EXILE.

(MADAME BRESHKOVSKAYA, as our readers may remember, is a well-known Russian revolutionist and has recently been sentenced to life exile in Siberia, her companion, Nicholas Tschukowsky, being acquitted. Madame Breshkovskaya has been a life-long and tireless fighter for Russian liberty and is now nearly 70 years old. She has already experienced twenty-three years of exile in Siberia, and now goes to remain permanently in that horrible land of desolation, hunger, and torture.)

How narrow seems the round of ladies' lives
And ladies' duties in their strolling world,
The day this Titan woman, gray with years,
Goes out across the void to prove her soul!
Brief are the pains of motherhood, that end
In motherhood's long joy; but she has no
The age-long travail of a cause that lies
Still-born at last on History's cold lap.

And yet she rests not; and yet she will not drink
The cup of peace held to her parching lips
By ming Dishonor's hand. Nay, forth she goes,
Old and alone, on exile's rocky road—
That well-worn road, with snows incriminated
By blood drops from her feet long years ago.

Mother of power, my soul goes out to you
As a strong swimmer goes to meet the sea
Upon whose vastness he is like a leaf.
What are the ends and purposes of song,
Save as a bugle at the lips of life
To sound reveille to a drowsing world
When some great deed is rising like the sun?

Where are those others whom your deeds inspired
To deeds and words that were themselves a deed?
Those who believed in death have gone with death
To the gray crags of immortality;
Those who believed in life have gone with life
To the red halls of spiritual death.

And you? What is death or life to you?
Only a weapon in the hand of faith
To cleave a way for beings yet unborn
To a fair freedom you will never share!
Freedom of body is an empty shell
When the men crawl whose souls are held with
eyes.

For Freedom is a spirit, and she dwells
As often in a jail as on the hill.
In all the world this day there is no soul
Freer than yours, Breshkovskaya, as you stand
Facing the future in your narrow cell.
For you are free of self and free of fear,
Those twin-born shades that lie in wait for man
When he steps out on the wind-blown road
That leads to human greatness and to pain.

Take in your hand once more the pilgrim's staff—
Your delicate hand misshapen from the night.
In Kara's mines; bind on your unmet back,
That long has borne the burdens of the race,
The exile's bundle, and upon your feet
Strap the worn sandals of a tireless faith.

You are too great for pity. After you
We send not songs, but songs; and all our days
We shall walk bravely knowing where you are.
—Elsa Barker, in New York Times.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTIS.

SYDNEY Sunday Times, whose editorial contributions to comic journalism help to enliven a Presbyterian sabbath, suggests that in order to carry out Taft's plan of "skillfully meeting Socialism there should be a return to the old plural voting system in this country. UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, says the Times, is LITTLE SHORT OF LUNACY! Why not, therefore, give the married man two votes and one with a family—a limit in number to be fixed—at least three!"

Now, if the editorial old woman who sweeps this blatant Sunday scullery could really be taken seriously, it might be pointed out that as a great number of Socialists are married men, and the more family a man gets the more certain he is to think on Socialistic lines, if he thinks at all, increasing his voting strength will only assist him in his laudable desire to get up and jump on the Fat Things the stupid, greasy Sunday Times holds most sacred. The Sunday Times makes an "appeal to the enlightened," and gravely puts forward the above as "a solution of the socialistic problem" in somewhat the same way as a benevolent old lady might offer the corpse of a consumptive a cough lozenge, or suggest to a man who has been run over by a tramcar that he should take a strong dose of euomile tea.

There was just the shadow of trouble in the Federal Parliament over the election of Speaker, when Labor-member Roberts (an ex-farm-burner from S.A.) angrily started to tell the Fusionists that Charley McDonald had only been endorsed by the caucus for the Speakership by 17 votes to 15. The real trouble came at the caucus meeting, following, when Roberts was severely tongue-castigated for his disloyalty.

A Labor Government controls the destinies of all the Australians, and some women workers have been telling Mr. Alf. Carter, secretary of the Factory Employees Union, a few of their experiences, from which we lift the following:

One woman living in Crown-street knows of several instances of girls, 21 years of age, with widowed mothers dependent on their earnings, who receive 12s per week after five years' service in the one firm. If they are knocked off at 5 o'clock (instead of 6 o'clock) in the evening they are docked for it, and they are not paid for holidays (not even Good Fridays). Other poor girls in the same firm get 10s per week, and have to pay for their board to strangers. What is left over can go as far as it can for necessities.

Another girl writes that she is a collar maker, receiving 3s a week. She has to pay for her board, which costs 10s a week, and has to pay for her clothes from what is left.

A very sad case was described by a woman writing from Redfern, who works in a large laundry. "I was engaged as a washer at a laundry," she writes. "Instead I chop wood, clear out the ashes, light fires, and fill coppers before I start my ordinary work at 8 o'clock in the morning. If I did all this, I would be allowed to leave at 6 o'clock at night, I was told. I never once left off at 6 o'clock. On Mondays I scrub and clear out the office, sorting-room, ironing room, and drying-room, and scrub and polish the irons. On Saturdays I do everything in the house. I scrub up and clean windows, dust, wash up dishes, cooking utensils, cutlery, and clean lavatories. Twice, at least, every day I have to leave my washing, and clean up dishes and the dining-room! and some sometimes prepare the vegetables."

"I also have to assist in starching shirts and collars, and in plain ironing and pressing," she continues. "Thus you will see, Mr. Carter, that I do the work of five persons—washer, assistant starcher, plain ironer, presser, and general—for the princely wage of £1 a week. And then I have never received a full week's salary at one time yet," she adds. "I get a portion on Saturday, and the balance during the week. Wages paid like that are not much use, as one can never buy an article of clothing on the Saturday, and is not able to leave work until 6 p.m. on other days; so we have no chance during the week. Don't you pity us?"

Newcastle miners should not grovel before the Man with the Leg Irons, re the withdrawal of Mr. Paterson from the Wages Board. They should withdraw their own legal representatives, and determine to ignore the Board altogether. This would get rid of the Paterson trouble in one act.

That eminently religious person, John Verran, of S.A., who might easily be mistaken for a long-lost pork butcher or an unredeemed publican, has been telling the Amalgamated Society of Engineers of the good feeling that exists between himself and the crowd that chases him with a political axe. John V. says "it is a wicked thing to call a man a scab," and since John says so, it must be kreet.

Long time since Charley McDonald was inclined to be a revolutionary thorn in the side of the Reformist Labor Party. They first lethal-chambered him with a Chairmanship of Committees, and now they've confined him with a Speakership.

Chief Justice S. W. Griffith asked: "What is natural justice? Is there really any such thing at all? If there is, what does it mean?" For which piece of egregious stupidity, we are prepared to award that class-conscious judge the lun. But when Sydney Worker arises to tell Griffith that natural justice only means, among other things, "improved conditions and better pay for those who work," this paper feels that it wants to hand the Worker a large, sharp meat-axe with instructions to use it on the perpetrator of the par. referred to. Natural justice means that all the worker produces the worker shall receive; in short, natural justice means the Socialist Republic and nothing short of the Socialist Republic.

When they raised the Dunbar's anchor the other day, after half a century's submersion, some one remarked that it wasn't half so rust-rotted as some N.S.W. politicians.

Three pars. lifted from London Justice:

Capitalism makes much of certain loafers. They are well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, provided with every luxury that the human heart can desire or the human mind conceive. We can promise Sir William Bull that that would not happen under Socialism.

Kings are a relic of the dark ages. An intelligent society has no more need of such gilded parasites than it has of the torture chamber, the thumbscrew, or the rack.

He who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he could do by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.—Old Eastern Proverb.

Newcastle trade exports decreased to the tune of £287,708 during the half year ended June 30, largely as a result of the coal war. Trade losses furnish us with the real reason why Wade and Hughes flung Peter Bowling into jail.

Alfred Denkin has been telling the papers that "for years he has been amazed at the neglect to deal with the subject of land taxation." Which means that Alfred has been amazed at his own neglect. We really think that what amazed the Affable One most was the close race Nemesis gave him at Ballarat on April 13.

Mr. Wade is out to raise another shan row over the Yass-Canberra job, which he wants finished at once. One would almost think that Leg-Irons was a member of the Argyle fraternity too.

A Melbourne jam factory has closed down "on account of the increased cost of sugar," it alleges. We are credibly informed that several others will shortly put the shutters up on account of the increased cost of pumpkins and canary seed and other requisites for the making of apple and raspberry jams.

Brother William Wallace says it was the Orange Lodge, and not the Tramway Union at all, that secured the covered-in car-fronts and other reforms. This is news about which this paper may talk in a future issue.

That serio-comic old personality, "Works Minister Lee, says: "I, for one, will not for a moment entertain the idea that the public are tired of the Liberal Administration." There are some corpses that won't admit they're dead until the relentless earth has been rammed down upon their collins.

The Western Clarion (Vancouver) recently pointed out how the Salvation Army had cleared some thousands of pounds in the form of bonuses upon immigrants to Canada. The cable now reports that "Canada has decided not to allow bonuses upon immigrants whose passages are paid wholly or in part by charitable organisations or from public money."

Jones and Co., of jam fame, have "a movement on foot in Tasmania to form a sort of co-operation among fruitgrowers to exploit new markets for the fruit trade." The fool crowd won't be swift to recognise that the workers are the "markets" that are to be exploited. Do you belong to the fool crowd?

Vic. Sawmill Employees declared that the condition of "some of the train tracks was such as to endanger life, and that the boilers connected with engines and the machinery generally were in a neglected and dangerous condition in many cases, while often the person in charge of the boilers was a mere youth." Disregard of human life—the worker's life—is characteristic of Capitalism.

Singleton Municipal Council has cleared off its debt, and proposes to establish gas-works and subsidize bands and orchestras. And Sydney Worker enters along to proclaim that this is "Socialism." We notice that the Worker, in the same issue, prints a sub-leader, "Wanted: Leaders that are Safe." Note: Hughes is a "safe" leader; Peter Bowling wasn't. That's why all honest workers hate the name of Hughes, and respect that of Bowling.

Newcastle Delegate Board turned down North's militant resolution on the ground that it was "out of order." This is the pitiable pass that Labor Leagueism has

landed us in N.S.W. We dare not take an honest and perfectly correct course of action because to do so would mean breaking a brutal, vicious, criminal law enacted in defiance of the people by a rottenly corrupt Parliament.

Strike-breaker Hughes says the hearing of the cases against the Coal Vend and others "allegedly engaged in combinations" won't come before the High Court earlier than August, "or probably September." Joseph McCabe figures it out that the end of the world won't arrive for some 10 or 15 million years, and it is widely asserted that Mr. Hughes is determined to have the Coal Vend dealt with before the specific date set down for the tooting of Gabriel's old horn.

The Federal Parliament is to express its approval (or otherwise) of the amended coronation oath. Wonderful, isn't it, the mighty questions they waste hours over. We shall next hear that Parliament is to be asked to approve King O'Malley's determination to have his hair cut.

Speaking of industrial legislation, and the Wages Boards systems, Andrew Fisher declared: "No sensible Government would do away with machinery that is working satisfactorily. For instance, I have always been of opinion that if the Commonwealth had the necessary power at the time of the recent regrettable coal strike in New South Wales that the fight would have lasted only as many days as it did weeks. Any legislation we pass will not in any way affect the wages boards. It will only give the Commonwealth the necessary power to intervene when local machinery is found wanting." Which means that Fisher and Co. are prepared to allow the Wages Boards to remain. But how would they have ended the coal strike? By jailing Bowling earlier? These columns are open to them to say.

An American flying machine man has made several flights across Lake Kenka; and incidentally dropped bombs at certain targets as he flew. Eighteen of the 20 bombs struck the objects at which they were aimed. The flying machine is going to hasten the social revolution. It will play as great a part in the destruction of Capitalism as gunpowder played in the destruction of feudalism and chivalry.

Sydney Truth headed its cable report of the judicial murder of Liabeuf, by the French Government, "A Guillotined Gutter Ruffian," and described Liabeuf as "the notorious apache (hooligan), who murdered a policeman and injured six others." Now, Gustave Herve has long since disproved this lie. Liabeuf was an ordinary working class man, who was subjected to such systematised police persecution that he was compelled to act in self-defence. For his magnificent defence of Liabeuf, Herve was sentenced to four years' hard labor, and is now in jail undergoing that brutal sentence. When Truth calls Liabeuf a gutter ruffian, it follows in the footsteps of the capitalistic dailies which shrieked anathema at Peter, Peter Bowling when Wade jailed him.

Trouble looms large at Broken Hill. The following resolution has been carried: "That this mass meeting of unionists declares that no unionist shall in future work with any man who refuses to join the union of his calling, and immediately report the fact to the union concerned, when the man or men affected shall receive the backing of the organized unions." By the time the McGowenites assume office in N.S.W., they may have the privilege of bumping two great strikes—coal and silver.

The Premier states that it is anticipated that the increases in the salaries of civil servants will involve an additional expenditure of £70,000. This will not mean very much to the individual civil servant, but it does seem an exceedingly stiff bribe to offer to the civil service, especially when there is no guarantee that the Leg Irons Party will receive value for the money in the form of the votes they yearn for.

The "revolution" is here, brothers. Senate-president Turley and Speaker Charley McDonald both announce that they won't wear wigs. And Messrs. Fisher and Hughes are going to the coronation, where the Case for Labor in court dress will demonstrate the profound loyalty of the Australian Labor Party and at the same time furnish a figure for the hunkeys to giggle at.

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The days before us invite to action as never before. The field is dazzlingly attractive, and I do not see how any live human being can keep out of the fight.—EUGENE V. DEBS.

A Word about Socialist Tactics

BY ALFRED UNSEN.

THOSE who know the Socialist position know that there is a great difference between the Labor Party's program and Socialism. The Labor Party stands for Reform, and Reform is a blind to the working-class. The name of Labor Party we admit should mean to represent only the working class; but we also know that the Labor Party's aim is to represent the two classes—the exploiting and the exploited. That is to say, the Labor Party is in favor of upholding the system of Capitalism and is also in favor of abolishing the same system. The Labor Party of Australia is admired and hailed by the present ruling class, because it is only a hindrance in the road of the working class towards true Socialism.

The fight of the working class must be a dangerous fight for Capitalism. Being a dangerous fight, it must an-

tagonise the power of Capitalism, or else it cannot benefit the working class. Some reforms, it is true, temporarily benefit some of the workers; but reforms do not ever permanently benefit all of the workers; and all the reforms have never yet made the system of Capitalism suffer. And this system must suffer, or the working class must suffer. The producing class will be slaves so long as they rely upon leaders, whether on the industrial or the political field. The working class can only free themselves when they have learnt to use their own power. They must not rely upon a few well-paid betraying politicians. Parliament represents the capitalist class; it is owned and controlled by this class and their representatives. It is their weapon of defence against the working class, and always will be—until the working class organises on the industrial as well as on the political field for the overthrow of Capitalism and the abolition of Parliaments which are the institutions of Capitalism.

Let there be one call, "Workers of the World, Unite!" and the day when this call reaches the hearts of all human slaves, the power of exploitation will perish with its lying program, and this principle of Unity will lead the human race to a mighty freedom.

The Great Change.

BY ISHMAEL.

From the frying-pan to the fire is a change. Any sort of change bangs monotony. The plagues of Egypt weren't all locusts. There were other beasties sometimes. Job's little unpleasantness wasn't all boils, else would he have made lamentation in sorry prose, and would have cursed God and departed this life with great suddenness.

We know the value of change. We appreciate it. So up with the curtain, fellow! Give us respite from the melodrama of Toryism. Let us e'en revel awhile in the comedy of "Labor in Power." Let us gloat on the spectacle of the bold bad villain of pronounced obesity being sent to grass by the hero in the top-hat and the bowyangs.

Ring on the players!

Aha! Observe the great Fisher with the blokes that bound and biff the big weskit of Privilege in the solar plexis.

The first act—the great slaughter scene. Now we shall see, an we will, the triumph of Right against Might. Put away the peanut, and observe the shiny hat of Fisher. Does he look at ease in his garb? Well, he might look easier.

Who is this? Ah, Josiah, the benevolent. Jos. frowneth at the orchestra. Jos. hath an ear for music. He was once a chorister. And behold! the orchestra playeth out of tune.

Who is this made up as a navy and wearing the smile that won't come off? O'Malley, as I live! He weareth his bowyangs as to the manner born.

And that great actor Hughes. He is all of a twitter. Let him get at the foe, that's all! His left hand clutches "The Case for Labor," which is secreted in a pill-box. His right hand is extended at his ear. He is hearkening for the footfall of the foe. The hated foe in the big weskit.

All the others are ready, too. They hitch their pants. They expectorate on their hands.

They also are eager for the enemy's approach.

All is weird expectancy.

Aha!

He comes!

Fisher is pale, but firm. Devilish firm is Fisher.

He is also cautious.

'Twas a countryman of his who always opened the window before look-

ing out. The glass wouldn't wear out so soon, ye ken.

The blue light is flashed on.

The strain becomes intense.

There is some tremulous music.

A sound like an elephant walking in mud is wafted in from the wings.

'Tis the enemy.

Coming to his doom!

A super. edges closer to the hero, clutching nervously a large bowl.

'Tis to collect the enemy's gore in!

Fisher pulls his tall hat down, down, down.

His ears lie horizontal.

He draws his stiletto, and feels its point.

His fatal land-tax stiletto.

Aha!

He whispers his colleagues.

The music is slower and softer.

The colleagues grit their teeth determinedly.

A huge globular object emerges slowly from the wings.

Is it the moon off her orbit.

No!

Is it a royal boil?

Nay!

It is the weskit of the foe!

It grows larger.

And larger.

It almost touches the hero, who is still pale but firm.

The hero strokes it meditatively.

'Would be pity to puncture a thing so firm and sleek. Ah! the hero has a heart, to be sure. A large loving heart. A kindly heart.

He cannot hurt this weskit.

There must be other ways. He will pat it and coax it. He will ask Josiah to pray for it.

He weeps.

He flees.

O'Malley smiles at it, removing surreptitiously his bowyangs the while.

He is visibly affected at his leader's emotion.

He snorts.

He casts his weapon away.

He also flees.

The rest of the supporters tremble violently.

Then they likewise mizzle.

All good supporters follow their leaders.

But stay!

One yet remains.

'Tis the great actor, Hughes.

He approaches the weskit.

His lips are drawn as with pain.

Will he stain his hands with its gore?

No!

He but stays to kiss it.

Thank God, bloodshed has been averted.

But what means that loud commotion at the box office?

'Tis but the unappreciative mob demanding their money back.

Well, let 'em.

They don't appreciate real art.

They don't deserve a change!

William-wowserism & Wade

BY AJAX.

BRETHREN, the glorious twelfth is upon us. Every year according to time-honored custom the 12th of July is kept sacred to the memory of William the Silent. On that great day the forces of Orangeism gather together with the cry of "No Popery!" and to revere the memory of William III.

For the benefit of those who are either not well acquainted with William's history or have only read the histories written by zealous Protestants or prejudiced Catholics, I will briefly narrate it.

William was a Dutchman who was a prominent prince in the Netherlands fighting for the Protestant cause. He married the English princess Mary for political reasons. It was said that he was indirectly responsible for the foolish invasion of Monmouth, he being jealous of the latter and hoping to reap all the ad-

vantages such a mad enterprise might bring. While secretly encouraging Monmouth, he was outwardly loyal, and sent troops to help James crush the rebellion. There is little doubt that William entered into some dishonorable intrigues for selfish ends. On November, 1688, William landed at Torbay with 14,000 mercenaries, and, chiefly owing to the unpopularity of James and desertion of his troops, William became king. His reign is chiefly composed of warlike excursions on the continent in which he did not shine, being frequently defeated in battle and worsted in diplomacy by Louis, king of France. Many historians reproach William for exhausting the blood and treasure of England in stupid wars.

At home he incensed the English by keeping a Dutch army in the country. He was also conspicuous for his intolerance to the Catholic clergy. Amongst his other christian acts he gave his countenance to a scheme for founding a colony, but suddenly denounced the project and stopped the provision ships intended for the 1500 Scotch settlers, many of whom starved to death in consequence.

Several acts of atrocious cruelty took place while William wielded the bauble. The horrible massacre of Glencoe was executed in the king's name, subscribed and superscribed with his own hand, although at the time they tried to throw the blame on a court official to appease the nation's indignation.

The event which endeared William to the hearts of Orangemen was the battle of the Boyne, fought June 20, 1690. Greatly aided by the cowardice of James II., William won after a doubtful contest. This battle was the death-blow to the Catholic and Jacobite cause in Ireland.

Soon afterwards William besieged Limerick unsuccessfully. The treaty of Limerick ended the war and rid William of the Irish troops. They had scarcely sailed for France, however, before William disgracefully broke the treaty and persecuted the Irish.

The bitter race and religious hatreds which rended Ireland into opposite factions still continues to this day. William's life shows him to have been a cold husband, a brave but not too skilful general, ambitious, bold, strong-willed and unscrupulous, and withal a heartless and intolerant monarch. His forte was his capacity to swallow large and frequent doses of gin and water.

And this is your idol, O Orangemen!

This is all ancient history, and has absolutely nothing to do with Australia.

Except as a lesson in religious and monarchical strife the life story of the Dutch Joshua and the intolerant Orangemen has no interest for Australians. Still less can the perpetration of a bloody battle, fought over 200 years ago in a country 12,000 miles away, concern Australians.

Yet every year a fearful sectarian howl of "No Popery" and "Keep the memory of William of Orange green" (the wrong color) is foisted on the public.

The following Loyal Orange institutions support the cause, and their names are eloquent testimony to the principles the loyalists uphold: True Blue, Schomberg (a bloody butcher), Excelsior, Luther, Latimer, Empire, Ark of Safety (query: Noah's Ark), Rising Star of Ithach, Star of Sunny Corner (incomprehensible, might as well call it Elephant on a Toothpick), Ladies' Wattle Blossom, True Union, Elijah (the prophet who was carried up to heaven in a whirlpool), Pride of Mosman, Advance Victoria Richmond, Good Queen Bess (a heartless harlot), Hearts of Oak, England's Glory (a penny a bag), No Surrender, Chosen Few, Black Thorn (ah, shure, it's the shillalegh y're after spaking about), New Endeavor, Royal Protestant, Royal William, and the daughters of the following towns: Ulster, Derry, Enniskillen, Lorne, and Boyne, and the Daughters of the Diamond.

There are a lot more of the same ilk, and they all, even the stars, meet on or before the full moon.

During the Wade administration we have had a mild example of that intolerant puritanism which finds expression in passing and enforcing the Public Hall's Act, and the prevention of Sunday enjoyment, in fact making the sabbath a day of gloom on which it is a crime for any who is not privileged to run a gospel shop or numbered with the righteous to enjoy a little freedom. You must not even wear embroidery on your trousers, but you can seek spiritual consolation, an you will, in reading "The Sword of the Lord," "The Woman of Babylon," and other scarlet-printed books that are weirdly wonderful in the views they enunciate.

The glorious Twelfth will have passed ere this contribution gets into print, the organs of Wowserism will have groined out their notes of triumphant adoration; but see to it, O working man, that you fix the whole puritanical show for what it really is: a very much over-ripe herring intended to divert you from the revolutionary trail.

"Until the workers know Socialism they are the helpless victims of Capitalism." Spread the light by getting subscribers for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Prepare for the worst—and you'll get it.

The Reviewer.

Socialism or Opportunism?

A Review of Mr. Hughes's "Case for Labor."

BY LOUIS ESSON.

LABOR has been unfortunate in its exponents. Books, which are no books, put together by misguided literary bagmen beguiled by a too generous estimate of their own capacity, have recently been issued with pomp and circumstance, and capitalist advertisement, from the bourgeois press in order that the mysterious policy of the Political Labor Party might be brought within the intellectual reach of all. These gloomy tomes, which even the most conservative trade unionist, in a very desperation of duty, could never have read, have already gone the way of such waste products, to the bins and lavatories and threepenny bookstalls. Despite these raucous voices Labor remained dumb. So it was with real ardor that we Socialists looked forward to a clear and logical statement of the Case for Labor, the true Apocalypse of Scientific Unionism, in the sacred book of Mr. W. M. Hughes.

"At last," we thought, "here is the Gospel and the Law." But alas! "The Case for Labor," issued from the *Worker* office, makes sorry reading. It is not, of course, so naive and infantile, so pretentiously stupid, as its amazing predecessors, but it is trivial, confused, cowardly and most unpleasantly disingenuous. It does not state the Case for Labor; it states the Case for the Labor Party.

First, as to its form, Mr. Hughes's work cannot be called a book in any strict sense of the word, for it is without view-point, without order, without style; it is merely a reprint of disconnected journalistic articles, that the world would willingly have let lie, forming a shoddy patchwork of Trade Unionist exegesis and apologetics, elementary psychology, and political dogma, held together by the stout calico doctrine of Opportunism.

In the matter of the book we find no statement of principle—no economics, no philosophy—we find no suggestion of any far off divine event to which Mr. Hughes and his followers are supposed to move—we find there nothing but the "policy" of the Attorney-General.

Mr. Hughes treats his subject in the most haphazard and unscientific manner. He starts nowhere, and ends where he began. He devotes much forensic eloquence to an exposition of theories that are long since dead. With the net of dialectic here secures many a drowned fallacy, and pursues, with the gun of rhetoric, the tired and hunted platitudes to its lair. He is a short-sighted tourist who always passes by the very Tower of Labor he set out to examine. Mr. Hughes is all things by turn, and nothing long. In a few pages he is a cynic and then a humanitarian; he is a Socialist and an anti-Socialist, sometimes both at once; he believes in freetrade and protection, in progress and reaction, in free will and predestination. With an extraordinary optimistic Fatalism he seems to hold the opinion that all things, in the fullness of time, somehow will right themselves; therefore, he believes in everything; he also believes in nothing.

Mr. Hughes takes his themes as they come, and trusts to luck, and the *Daily Telegraph*, what he will say about them. He begins with Unemployment, and deprecates, in a mild manner, the present system of Society. Next he becomes rhetorical about the "Industrial Battlefield," regarding as lesser evils wars and pestilences and cataclysms of Nature, and then proposes not any drastic reform but a sentimental appeal to the better nature of the Capitalist, for "legisla-

tion itself," he writes, "will effect little unless for that spirit of ruthless greed animating modern society is substituted one more kindly and humane."

Mr. Hughes becomes more sincere when he discusses the General Strike, more sincere because it is with as genuine a ring of feeling that Mr. Hughes is capable of that he denounces the use of this weapon as "an idle and fantastic dream," and the men who regard industrial organisation as more effective than marking a cross once in three years or so against Mr. Hughes's name on a ballot paper, as "fools or madmen." *Dis aliter visum.* We Socialists think otherwise.

With foolish cynicism or pious resignation, what you will, Mr. Hughes regrets, but accepts the notion, that humanity is too mean spirited to work for other than selfish ends, and does not believe, for instance, that any Union which is comparatively well off could be persuaded to assist another Union which might be in dire distress. Man is not so vile as that, surely; but even if unionists were animated mainly by selfish personal motives, Industrial Unionism would be found necessary because it inculcates the simple but all important principle that the interests of all workers are identical, and that they can never receive justice until, by their class-conscious and combined action, the present capitalist system is completely overthrown.

Mr. Hughes writes: "To vote is much easier than to strike. It requires no courage, calls for no sacrifice. A man with the heart of a hare can vote; it takes something more stalwart to make a successful striker." People with hearts of hares already vote—for Mr. Hughes and his friends; more stalwart people strike. But a doctrine that calls for no courage or sacrifice is not likely to have power and virtue in it to bring about the coming changes. Wages Boards and Arbitration Courts admit the right of the Capitalist to exist; the strike, which repudiates the exploiting system, is therefore more philosophic.

The ballot box has its uses, but it is not the panacea Mr. Hughes thinks it is. Socialism will never be triumphant by political action alone. Political action should be the reflex of industrial action. The political machine itself is a class institution. When the workers understand and demand Socialism, Parliament House, as William Morris thought right and fitting, will probably be turned into a dung market. There is scant danger, at present, of the proletariat underestimating the power of the machine, the danger is all the other way. The proletariat has been befogged and befooled so long that it still clings with blind faith to an exploded superstition; but soon it must recognise that it must emancipate itself, and that it is in Industrial Organisation, National and International, that its real strength and opportunity lie.

There is no necessity to follow Mr. Hughes in his account of old fashioned Tory Unionism; in his platitudinous little essays on "The Survival of the Fittest" and "Liberty"; or in his long and wearisome defence of the famous pledge, for it is of small consequence whether men, who have no real principles, pledge themselves to them or not.

But it is when Mr. Hughes ventures to approach the subject that he wades deeper and deeper into the bogs of fallacy. "It is clear," he states "that many persons, Socialists and anti-Socialists, have the most extraordinary ideas of what Socialism really is." It is clear that Mr. Hughes has extraordinary ideas of what Socialism really is; but Socialists throughout the world, however they may differ in tactics, know precisely what is meant by Socialism, and have one, and only one, objective—the abolition of the present Capitalist system, and the socialisa-

tion of all the means of life as the basis of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Mr. Hughes seems to have neglected the study of the literature of Socialism, which is abundant and accessible enough; and throughout the "Case for Labor" his pronouncements on the subject fulfil Aristotle's principles of Tragedy, calling forth our emotions of pity and terror. The Attorney-General, who does not know what Socialism means, should have remembered that discretion is better part of a bad explanation, but he continues on his reckless course. "Its coming will cause no more astonishment than does a boy's arrival at what we call manhood. That is to say, it will cause no astonishment at all; for its growth will have been so gradual as to almost escape attention (if Mr. Hughes's policy prevails the growth of Socialism certainly will escape attention), as does the growth of all things in the eyes of those who see them daily." After this pleasing utterance, which sets at naught the whole lesson of history, and which should fall as balm on the troubled soul of the Fat Man, one is hardly surprised at anything, even at the following jewel of eloquence: "Modern Socialism is new, and it will not fail. For it does not fail. That is the central fact. Socialism is here; less robust, less complex, less comprehensive, than it will be in the years to come; but it is here."

The man who wrote that, after all, has courage.

After hearing such startling *obiter dicta* on Socialism, one loses interest in Mr. Hughes's unconvincing treatment of Land Monopoly and the Single Tax. Nor does he instruct or elevate with his conventional comments on such debating club topics as Christian Socialism. Why do men not go to Church? The Basis of Representative Government, and Parliament and the People. The *bourgeoisie* may be dazzled by the brilliancy of Mr. Hughes's genius, but nothing Mr. Hughes has said could not have been said by the man in the street. Perhaps Mr. Hughes is the man in the street.

In his last effort Mr. Hughes attacks the anti-Socialists just as in a previous article he attacked the Socialists. Neither attack can be taken seriously. Mr. Hughes does not know what Socialism means. His highest conception, his wildest theory, his most distant goal is never anything more than the crudest and most bureaucratic form of State Capitalism. "There will be no abrupt and rude transition," he writes, "from private enterprise to Socialism, but every stage will follow upon a preceding one, preparing all men to expect, to anticipate, and to desire it." So Mr. Hughes, a representative of the workers, tells the wage slaves that the master or exploiting class, in the simple goodness of its heart, will desire its own abolition! This is "an idle and fantastic dream," if ever there was one. A war of the classes, a war to the death, is inevitable; and so far as he clouds the issue, and weakens the class-consciousness of the workers, instead of preparing them for the coming struggle, Mr. Hughes is doing the work of the Reaction.

It is time the workers saw clearly that a broad gulf of principle divides Socialism from Political Laborism-Opportunism, that is the policy of the Labor Party, as expounded by Mr. Hughes. It lays no axe at the Upas tree of Capitalism. On the rock of the proletariat it builds no church. Its objective is office; and in pursuit of this objective it cannot leave the shifting sands of opportunism.

Political Laborism is content to patch and palliate the present system. Socialism, recognising that palliatives are futile, if not pernicious, demands the complete overthrow of Capitalism, and the substitution of collective ownership for private ownership of the means of life.

The Labor Party does not represent the interests of the working class, as Mr. Hughes's book makes painfully clear; it represents the interests of the *bourgeoisie*, that is all.

Mr. Hughes is a "Socialist" who repudiates Socialism. We are Socialists, logical Socialists, who are compelled to repudiate Mr. Hughes.

International Socialist Club.

The half-yearly meeting of the above has postponed till THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1910, at 8 a.m.

Business: Balance Sheet, and Election of Secretary in place of Comrade Drummel (resigned).

All members are urgently requested to attend.

K. G. DRUMMEL, Secretary.

International Socialist Club.

Members in arrears are requested to make themselves financial as early as possible.

By order of the Executive,

K. G. DRUMMEL, Secretary.

The I.S.C. Liedertafel's 10th Anniversary will be celebrated in the Manchester Unity Hall, Castlereagh-street, on Friday, July 15. Double tickets, 1s 6d; single, 1s.

The Agitator.

BY THE SLAVE.

AT certain pregnant crises in the history of human evolution, at the eve of revolutionary changes in social organisation, there have appeared men who, by their fiery zeal and irresistible enthusiasm, have won thousands to discontent and just resentment against the old regime, and finally ignited the smouldering fires of revolution. The Gracchi, Brutus, Jesus, Luther, Hampden, Abraham Lincoln, were such as these.

Living, they were the butt for the vilification and vituperation of the viper-tongued. Some were brutally butchered at the gibbet or the stake, all were outcasts and pariahs. Dead, we render these men their full reward of praise and admiration. Heroes and Patriots, Martyrs and Master-Men, we call them.

There are such men among us now; men who have fearlessly sacrificed all material interests to enter heart and soul into the great working-class movement. Men like Ferrer, Iglesias, Herve, Kropotkin, Warren, and a legion of others, whose characters might indeed make the bourgeois Christian feel envious for his Christ.

And what is their treatment now. At times they are complacently dubbed "dangerous agitators," "demagogues," "seditions radicals," etc. At other times they are flung to rot long weary months in prison cells; still again they are foully murdered by Church and State. The pressure of economic interests, the surge and bitterness of present strife, distort our vision and warp our imagination, and many fail to recognise the important social function of the Agitator.

He is the pioneer of progress, the herald of the future, the catalytic force of social evolution. The absence of agitation means social stagnation, degeneration, and decay. Incessant agitation is the price of liberty. Without the salutary discontent introduced by the Agitator, society would be stricken with barren immobility and moral atrophy. He is a rebel, a fearless iconoclast of respectable hypocrisies. Afame with fierce indignation, he batters down with "barbaric" vehemence the holocaust of time-sanctified and pernicious fallacies which confront him. The satellites of corruption, coercion, and oppression may hold up their fat and oily hands in horror at his advent, but the Agitator is mightier and nobler than they. He is the prophet of the outcast and the expropriated, the sweeter's victim, the wage-slave and the pauper—the apostle of the holy cause of the pallid, wasted children of the factory; the champion of the blinded, the dwarfed, and the strangled of the accursed modern industrial movement—the champion of the men and women to whom beauty is but a name and happiness a mockery.

The Agitator is the bug-bear of the ruling classes and their lackeys. They fear like hell to see the veil torn from the naked and loathsome body of capitalist commercialism. Firmly they bid their harlot press vilify the iconoclast. "Anarchist," "revolutionary," etc., are the appellations thundered at him. Some one has truly said: "The Roman plutocracy murdered reformers; Capitalism lies about them."

The presence of the Agitator is not foreboding and sinister, but auspicious. He is the manifestation of discontent which implies aspiration. He is the signal that humanity is beginning to yearn for a loftier ideal of social organisation. Relentless exposure is essential to eliminate evil. The noisome cesspools of rascality and corruption must be illumined with the fierce light of publicity. Indifference to wrong is a crime; keen, vigorous, incisive protest a duty. Some, seeing filth, would conceal it and leave those responsible for it in unadorned security. Vindictively they deplore anything approaching exposure. Such individuals are, of course, swayed by selfish interests, or their mouthings emanate from an innate toxicology of an intelligence gladdened by wealth. Those who profit by the exploitation of the people have reason indeed to fear the damning exposure of the Agitator.

Whatever may be his faults, the Agitator is a rugged force which works for good. His unconventional vigor, his intimate knowledge of the undercurrents of social life make him of primary importance in the vanguard of the irresistibly-advancing army of the dispossessed. The proletarian movement needs many such, clean, honest, upright men, who are prepared to do, dare, and suffer in the birth-pangs of the Socialist Republic.

Propaganda Fixtures.

DOSMAN—Denford (chair), Feldhusen, Wilson Hocking, Riley, Mrs. Harris.
GORDON—Sturmer—Lade (chair), Wilson, Mrs. Hetti.
MARRIS PLACE—Harris (chair), Riley, Feldhusen, Hocking.
The Evening Meetings will commence at 7.

Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executive.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.
Wednesday, 8 p.m. sharp.—International Socialist Party—Special General Meeting to receive report of Conference delegates.

John Carlson.

BY H. D.

It was with the deepest regret that we chronicled the decease of our comrade, John Carlson, or, as he is more familiarly known, "Jack Carlson," last week.

A native of Stockholm, Sweden, and a seafaring man, he arrived in this country somewhere about the middle of the eighties. This scribe met him in the early nineties, and found him at that time at Miller's Point with a ring of mates around him discussing Socialism. His clear exposition of economic questions at a time when Socialism in this country was hardly known was surprising, but a look at the head convinced one that a thinking man was speaking.

He would not say much, and he was not a speaker, but every word spoken showed the thought behind it. His utterances were concise and uncontradictable.

In his Union (the Coal-hummers' Union) and among his immediate work-mates he was esteemed as one of the most straight forward, and all who came in contact with him were compelled to acknowledge his innate goodness and to recognise him for the likeable man that he was.

From its inception he was a member of the International Socialist Club, and every member will agree that he was one of the staunchest and most sincere comrades, ever ready to do all in his power to help the cause, until the white plague, the scourge of humanity, claimed him as one of its victims.

Although seemingly a man of strong physique, he died in the prime of man's age at 47 years.

We as International Socialists deplore his loss, and the response to the invitation to follow him to his last resting place showed the esteem in which he was held by all.

Answers to Correspondents.

T.J., Randwick.—Yes; in 1901; both as a Senatorial and State candidate.

C.R., Enmore.—Marx puts it this way: "Surplus value and the value of labor-power vary in opposite direction. A variation in the productiveness of labor, its increase or diminution, causes a variation in the opposite direction in the value of labor-power, and in the same direction in surplus value."

B.L., Newcastle.—Neath's resolution, made public since your letter came to hand and also ruled out of order by the Delegate Board, would be the correct working-class attitude. Your Labor Party helped to drive you to an industrial shambles for a political end.

C.P., West Wallsend.—A party that claims to be a working-class party, and still fears to assume a fighting attitude, can never be more than a working-class party in name only. What you say re the future is true; but the same thing would be true of any other revolutionary party similarly situated. We do not think the publication of your letter would effect anything more than a wrangle. "Yes," is the answer to your first question.

A.B., Portland.—Thanks. Literature forwarded, and balance placed as directed.

G.B., Haberfield.—Received.

L.E., Melbourne; E.J.B., Melbourne; E.A., West Wallsend; Dandelion.—Thanks.

T.B., Auckland, N.Z.—Letter and enclosure. Thanks. Writing.

T.S., Newtown.—The Socialists fight on both industrial and political fields, and the S.F.A. will meet your Labor Party on the political field accordingly.

From the Australian industrial centre, messages of eulogy are coming to hand concerning THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. Will our friends remember that we can only keep the paper up to its present standard if funds are forthcoming. Send donations for the Press Fund to O. W. JORGENSEN, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney. The whole of the literary staff does its work voluntarily. YOU may not be able to write; but you certainly can help with your cash—no matter how small the amount. Send it along.

FIRST AUSTRALIAN SOCIALIST CONFERENCE.

Held at Melbourne, June, 1907.



First Row—W. Marsh, H. Scott Bennett, H. H. Champion, V. E. Kræmer, D. A. Gray.
Second Row—H. J. Hawkins, R. S. Ross, J. P. Jones (chair), Tom Mann, H. E. Holland, E. H. Hillier. Absentees—T. Batho, J. Moroney.

FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE, S.F.A.

Held at Sydney, June, 1908.



First Row—R. S. Ross, E. H. Gray, E. F. Russell, A. K. Wallace, F. Hyett, E. J. Price.
Second Row—O. W. Jorgenson, H. Scott Bennett, H. E. Holland, Mrs. Lynch (chair), A. Borax, H. Borax.

SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE, S.F.A.

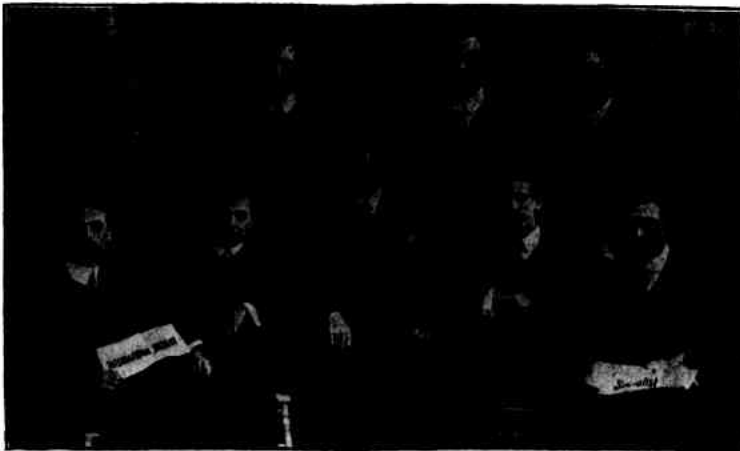
Held at Broken Hill, June, 1909.



First Row—A. McDonell, E. H. Gray, P. Laidler, E. V. Cogan.
Second Row—Tom Mann, R. S. Ross, E. A. Giffney (chair), A. Borax, H. Scott Bennett.

THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE, S.F.A.

Held at Melbourne, June, 1910.



First Row—J. Pope, H. Denford, A. K. Wallace, F. J. Riley.
Second Row—J. R. Wilson, H. E. Holland, J. E. Greig (chair), R. S. Ross, P. Lamb.

Every new subscriber to "The International Socialist" adds to the power of the Socialist movement and widens its propaganda. Therefore, get subscribers.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood. Or, The Dignity of Labor.

*For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full.*

WHILE four Lascar firemen were inside the boiler of a steamer at South Shields effecting repairs, they were scalded to death by a sudden inrush of steam.

Jessie McPherson, barmaid at the Freemason's Hotel, Broken Hill, while serving in the bar, failed to notice that a cellar door was open, and fell down. As she fell she clutched at a big hot-water urn on the bar counter, and pulled all the contents over herself. She was terribly scalded about the head and body.

Negus Hunt was knocked down and run over by a number of full coal skips in the Helensburgh mine on Friday. He died almost immediately.

While a miner named Miller was working in the stopes at the 300ft. level of the Marvel Loch mine (W.A.), he was killed by a quantity of stone falling on his head.

Edward Gale, employed in the North mine, Broken Hill, was crushed to death by the lift on Wednesday last week.

William Olliver fell down the lift well at Rowan's Bond, Sydney, where he was employed, and sustained severe internal injuries, as well as five broken ribs.

Herbert Osborne slipped and fell while carrying a heavy cask of oil at the Vacuum Oil Co.'s premises, Johnston's Bay, and fractured his right knee cap.

George Smith, laborer, 60 years of age, was found dead in a deserted hut in the Moree district.

John Knight, a fitter, was knocked down by a train, his body being literally cut to pieces, at Epping on Friday.

Arthur Longley, teamster, of Badgery's Creek, got his arm caught in the wheel of the dray, with the result that the limb was broken in two places.

Jack Hanna, a young fireman, was standing on the tender of an engine proceeding along Bathurst railway yards, when his face came in contact with the overhead bridge, and he was knocked on to the permanent way. He was rendered temporarily unconscious, and besides being badly cut about the mouth and face lost several teeth.

Harry Sterling, in charge of a western train, sustained serious injuries on Thursday last week. Just after leaving Bowenfels, the lubricating glass burst, cutting him across the ball of one eye. He pluckily maintained control of the engine, and ran the train to Marangaroo, where he was relieved.

Two hundred coal miners were killed at Birmingham, Ala., on May 5, because the company did not provide safe working conditions.

Patrick O'Connell, an aged coal miner, had his left leg crushed to a pulp by a fall of stone in the Stanford-Merthyr Colliery. He also sustained deep wounds in the forehead and back of the head.

Charles Clinrie, employed at the Sons of Gwalia mine, Kalgoorlie, while endeavoring to shift the belt on a loose pulley with a bar whilst the machinery was in motion, was struck in the groin by the bar, which got caught in the belt, and had his bowels torn open.

William Bracy, of Derby, Tas., was killed through a dray capsizing while he was carting wood.

Fred Young and Otto Nielsen, waterside workers, were knocked down by a train at Townsville (Q.) jetty on Friday. Young's left elbow, hand, and foot were crushed to pulp. Nielsen's left foot was crushed, and his thigh broken.

William Ward had his right leg broken by a fall of rock in the Balmain coal mine.

Joseph Goldworthy dropped dead while at work at the 200ft. level in Block 14 mine at Broken Hill.

James Williams, 15 years of age, jockey, had both bones of his left leg fractured while exercising a horse at Victoria Park racecourse.

Robert Luck, a young teamster, fell beneath the wheels of a waggon he was driving near Rylstone, on Friday. His leg was crushed terribly, flesh and bone being pulverised.

James McClymont, carter, was run over by a loaded van at Lismore. His chest was badly crushed.

Labor-member Catts, whose non-inclusion in the Federal Ministry may constitute a personal grievance, got a quiet punch home when he assured the Fusionists that "they could take his assurance that he was not a party to trust fund appropriation, which he deprecated, unless good reasons were advanced by the Prime Minister."

H. S. Clarke (Adelaide) writes: "I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. As a fighting organ it leaves nothing to be desired."

CLOTH OF GOLD.

Some spin in the light and the splendor,
Some weave in the dark and the cold;
But the east with a touch that is tender
Makes cloth of his fancy of gold,
He twines the wide Earth and her glories,
Warm love, and the passions of men
Into poems and pictures and stories
By toil of the brush and the pen.

They have taken the mountain and meadow,
The wind and the river and rain,
The star and the sunlight and shadow,
The deep and the drift of the main;
With their hearts they have broadened and bound
them,
With their hopes they have folded and sped,
With the love of their lives they have crowned
them,
And twisted their faith in the thread.

My hand to you, weavers a-weaving!
My heart to you, spinners that spin
With your threads of love-laughter and griefing,
Your threads of soul-beauty and sin!
Though the world greet your labor with scorn,
In your toil your reward shall ye meet,
For no song of the stars of the morning
As the hum of your wheel is so sweet!
—WILL O'LEWIE.

International Notes.

United States.

CLOAKMAKERS in New York, numbering 73,000 persons of both sexes, have struck against long hours, hard labor, and insanitary conditions. The employers are surprised at such display of unanimity.

After dragging through the courts for three years, the appeal in the case of Fred. H. Warren, editor of the *Appeal to Reason* (whose prosecution arose out of the offer of a reward to any person who would kidnap and hand over to the Kentucky authorities ex-Governor W. S. Taylor, wanted on a charge of murder—said offer of reward being based on the Supreme Court's decision upholding the kidnapping of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone), came on for hearing at St. Paul, Minn., on Monday, May 9. Warren dispensed with counsel and personally argued the points involved. He withdrew all the technical objections raised by his counsel, and explained that he appeared in person because counsel were not prepared to conduct the case on the lines he wished. It will probably be three months before the court gives its decision; and, if this is adverse, Warren must go to jail. The charge against him is one of criminal libel. While the case was proceeding, Warren received something like 20,000 post-cards of sympathy and congratulation.

At Detroit, Mich., 1300 men employed by the Malleable Iron Co. went on strike on May 22, under the leadership of the I.W.W.

At Spokane, Wash., 650 cooks, waiters, and waitresses organized in the A.L.F. struck on May 9.

Newcastle Free Press reprints from THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Gus Anderson's poem, "The Path of Progress," also Vic. Socialist's article on the recent elections.

The I.W.W. has just concluded its fifth National Convention.

J. J. Keon is in jail at Grafton, Ill., for six months, being guilty of the atrocious crime of refusing to pay his poll tax for conscientious reasons—six months for three dollars! Not only this, but the authorities refuse to permit him to read or see his friends. He is a Socialist. Another evidence of the beauties of the present capitalist courts.

Not only are the negroes of the South disfranchised by the so-called democratic South, but a large proportion of the "poor whites" are also disfranchised.—*Appeal to Reason*.

France.

A bill has been introduced by the French Government, authorising State servants to join unions, but forbidding them to go on strike!

A workman named Armand Relievre has been condemned to three months imprisonment for defending himself against the attacks of the police on May 22 on the occasion of the demonstration of Montparnasse.

Of the reservists who refused, after a march in torrents of rain, to pass the night on soaking mattresses, 55 have been condemned to 15 days' imprisonment, eight of which are to be solitary confinement, and 40 others to eight days' imprisonment. Deyland, who is accused of striking Lt.-Col. Castaigne, Le Due, Milleret and Adones, have been taken to the House of Detention, and will be brought before a court-martial.

Three hundred striking quarrymen of Mery-sur-Oise forced their way with their wives and children into the railway station in order to prevent the departure of a train laden with quarried stone. As the train was starting many threw themselves upon the rails, and a few laid their children there. The train had to be stopped to prevent an accident. A good deal of damage was done to the rails and to the machines in the quarries by the strikers, who passed the night in the station under railway carriages. The prefect of the Department sent 300 gendarmes to Mery-sur-Oise. Several arrests have been made. The strike is caused by the fact that for the last 18 years the em-

ployers have been reducing the wages, and it is becoming impossible for the workers to live.

On Sunday, May 29, our comrades in Paris commemorated the "Semaine Sanglante" by a procession to the cemetery Pere-Lachaise, where many lovely wreaths were deposited. Thirty thousand persons are estimated to have taken part, among whom were a great many women and children. Large numbers of police were present, commanded by M. Lepine in person. Speeches were not allowed, but Vaillant attempted to say a few words, and, M. Lepine interfering, trouble seemed about to ensue. After a further attempt Vaillant therefore desisted, and the proceedings concluded with cheers for the Commune and the Social Revolution!

Germany.

A conference of the youths' commissions held a meeting in Berlin on the 18th and 19th of April; 124 delegates, who represented 129 centres, took part from all parts of the empire.

In the Prussian House of Deputies the Social-Democrats presented a motion that numbers 10 and 41 of the Prussian Press Law, which were passed in the days of the worst reaction, should be abolished. Liebknecht sharply criticised the absurdity of these regulations. The Socialist motion was thrown out, only a very mild one from the Centre asking the Government to alter the conditions to something more suitable to modern conditions being carried.

The lock-out in the building trade continues and the General Commission of Trade Unions is appealing for funds.

Writing in London *Justice* of the Prussian Franchise Bill, J. B. Askew says:—"One thing is clear—the fate of the measure is in no little degree due to the magnificent demonstrations organised by the Social-Democrats. For the future it will not be easy to say that street demonstrations are not of any value."

It may be said that the awakening in Russia, the general strikes and street demonstrations in Petersburg, and other centres of Russian industry, has awakened a powerful echo in the ranks of the German proletariat, and this last year has seen the German Social-Democrats asserting for themselves the right to the streets, as the right to hold street processions is called.—*Justice*.

Few public men have ever run so absolutely ignominious a public career as the puppet who at present dances before the public as Imperial Chancellor in Germany.—*Justice*.

Great Britain.

There is a movement afoot to link up the S.D.P. branches of the West of Scotland. A meeting of delegates of all branches in Glasgow and West will shortly be called to consider (1) the formation of a West of Scotland Council; (2) the running of a candidate and the choosing of a constituency; (3) the means of raising finance.

A writer in *Justice* says: "It's a weary job plodding through all this slosh and slobber over the remains of a dead king, but perseverance has its reward. Commend me to Buckhaven Town Council as humorists of the first water. They have arraigned one Buillie Corrie on a charge of lese-majeste, or some other horrible crime, for declining to sign the oath of allegiance to Georgious V. on the occasion of his proclamation. They have taken the precaution to enquire if he is eligible to sit in Council and administrate affairs on drains and ashpits before they proceed to have him hung, drawn, and quartered. And, mind you, all this is being done with a gravity becoming the descendants of the followers of Wishart or the old Covenanters. How is it possible to know anything of ordinary sanitary conditions if you don't sign the oath? 'It's redekelis!'"

A demonstration was held in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, May 29, to protest against the suppression of the Finnish Constitution by the Russian autocracy. J. F. Green presided, and the speakers were Councillor Devenay, of the Dockers' Union, Aylmar Maude, R. B. Cunningham Graham, H. M. Hyndman, Father Healy (of the Church Socialist League), Aladin (late member of the Duma), and G. H. Perris (of the Friends of Russian Freedom).

The Plymouth S.D.P. held a protest meeting re Finland on the same day. Powerful speeches were delivered by Eoib, Ireland, Llewellyn and Parker. At Cowdenbeath a joint demonstration of S.D.P., I.L.P. and local L.R.C. was held. S. Hynds and W. Watson spoke. Similar demonstrations were held in many other places, including Burnley, Nelson, and Colne.

Canada.

There is a prospect of an immediate strike on the Canadian railways.

Senator Gore has reported to the U.S. Senate that an attempt had been made to bribe him with an offer of £1000 to refrain from opposing recognition of certain land sales in Oklahoma.

Belgium.

The number of Socialist votes in Brussels has increased from 57,770 in 1906 to 68,600. In Antwerp the increase amounted to 2000.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

SYDNEY JOTTINGS.

FEATURES of Sunday's domain meeting were three splendid speeches by Wilson, Riley, and Feldhusen respectively. The large crowd listened to each with intense interest, and warmly demonstrated its appreciation of each speaker's fine effort.

Comrade E. H. Knight, bearing credentials from Runanga, N.Z., was a visitor to Sydney during the past week. He left on a visit to the Bathurst district on Friday last.

The funeral of our late comrade, J. Carlson, took place on Thursday last, and was very largely attended by members of the Sydney Coal Lumpers' Union and the International Socialists, who formed a procession in front of the hearse. The Socialists wore red badges, and the wreaths—two of which were from the International Socialist Party and International Socialist Club respectively—bore appropriately-inscribed red ribbons. The remains were interred in the Church of England Cemetery at Rookwood.

Speakers at Sunday's domain meeting were Harris (chair), Wilson, Riley, Feldhusen, and Holland.

Wilson, Riley, and Denford essayed to hold a meeting at the markets on Saturday night, but the police broke the meeting up. A number of religious meetings in the same locality were allowed to proceed without molestation.

Sunday night meetings were held at Park-street and Bathurst-street. The speakers were Wilson, Feldhusen, Riley, Cass, Harris, Denford, Hocking, Barrett, and Mrs. Harris.

While Riley was speaking at Bathurst-street, an officious constable ordered the meeting to close, although he in no way interfered with a religious meeting in the same street.

Next Wednesday evening a special general meeting of the Party will be held to consider Conference proposals.

Club meeting has been postponed. See advt.

BROKEN HILL.

Through the agitation on the non-unionist question there has been an all-round increase in the membership of the unions. The Combined Unions called a mass meeting on a recent Sunday to consider the matter, and a very large crowd attended. After a lengthy discussion, a certain course of action was decided upon. A special committee was appointed.

The madness of entering into any agreement with the mine managers is being especially impressed upon the workers.

There are now only about 500 men employed along the line of lode who are not in the unions, and because of the smallness of the number there is a danger of the agitation dwindling down. There is a general impression that these non-unionists will be driven into the ranks by the fear of the inevitable struggle at the end of the year.

The A.M.A. meeting on Tuesday before last was a bit lively. The revision of rules was being considered. The old objective, which declares that Barrier Unionism is to obtain for the workers the full product of their industry, was adopted. Then most of the old rules were re-affirmed. When the appointment of representatives, officers, etc., was reached, it was found that the revision committee had recommended the insertion of a new clause: "That only bona-fide wage earners be eligible for office." This raised a geyser of a cry from the Jabez Wright faction, who howled that it was the "Reds" pulling the strings against one man. Of course, it wasn't. After a long debate the proposal was carried. Then a pal of J. Wright's moved: "That any member when running for office shall sign and pledge himself to support the solidarity Labor members for Parliament." This gave rise to another long discussion, and eventually this reactionary move to make the union a mere tool of the middle-class Labor Party was adopted. The union's position is now ridiculously and inconsistently funny. The members are to be bound to a revolutionary objective, and at the same time they are to be required to pledge themselves to assist a reactionary political party to fight down the same objective.

Under the head of general business the following motion was discussed, and carried unanimously: "That this meeting of A.M.A. members of the Barrier protests against the continued imprisonment of the Newcastle miners and W. Stokes, and calls upon the State Labor members to immediately interview the Premier and demand their release."

We are glad to see by Conference report that the S.F.A. maintains its revolutionary attitude.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

We of Adelaide hope that the amalgamation of the two Australian Socialist papers will eventuate, and that we will have one good fighting paper instead of two as at present. It will be far easier for us to put all our energies into securing subscribers for one paper.

Adelaide members are pleased with the decision of conference on No. 5 of the Declara-

tion of Principles. We are keen on having nothing whatever to do with any middle-class parties, as on this part of the globe they are fighting us all the way.

A few weeks ago Verran, the premier, in a speech he delivered before the Adelaide Trades and Labor Council, said that if ever the revolutionary movement found a place within the ranks of the Labor Party, it would always be a menace to the Labor movement. At present he is finding that the revolutionary movement, as he knows it, seems to be proving rather a nuisance outside the ranks, for Mr. Verran rarely speaks now without making some deprecatory reference to us.

The victimization of a tramway employee named Lloyd has already been mentioned in THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. The latest development is that the Tramway Union has allowed the matter to drop, the reason given being that Lloyd wrote a letter to the papers! The tramway manager has the union nobbled. We are taking Lloyd's case up, and are trying to awaken a protest through the unions.

The prospects of the party here are very promising, and as long as the fighters can remain here we can promise all parasites and oppressors a particularly hot time. We expect to have a room within the next week or two, and then we intend pushing along with a strong hard push.

A pamphlet, "Ferrer the Anarchist," has been published by one McInerney, and has been distributed pretty freely around Adelaide. Hugh Swindley undertook the task of dealing with the author's statements on Sunday afternoon in the Botanic Gardens. We had a splendid meeting, quite a large crowd, and for over an hour they listened attentively to a splendid address from Swindley, who was warmly applauded at the finish. We sold a dozen copies of McCabe's "Martyrdom of Ferrer," and could have sold many more if we had had them. But we were able to tell the crowd where they could be procured. Comrade Walker also addressed the meeting, and as it turned out such a success we have decided to hold a meeting there every Sunday afternoon, as well as the Saturday night meetings, which are still going strong. The elements cut our meeting short last Saturday night.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST sells well here, and secretary Madgwick has been instructed to order two dozen extra copies weekly.

All Adelaide comrades join in sending best wishes to Sydney comrades, not forgetting our two globe-trotters, Riley and Denford.—H.S.C.

VICTORIA.

Joe Swelleses lectured at the Gaiety Theatre on Sunday last on "The Bible Menace."

Comrade W. Spangler died suddenly on Wednesday before last.

Our Poets of the Revolution, E. J. Brady and Louis Esson, are at present in Melbourne.

Jim Curran has gone to Dunedin, N.Z., to fill a job.

NEW ZEALAND.

Joseph McCabe's meetings at Auckland were triumphantly successful. At each lecture many hundreds were unable to gain admission.

At Wellington, the sub-committee which has charge of the letting of the town hall, first fixed up a contract for the McCabe lectures, and then under pressure from outside cancelled the fixtures. An indignant deputation (which included Robert Hogg, some University professors, and various others) waited on the Municipal Council, and said things at the Lord Mayor, and in the end the Council decided that Mr. McCabe must have the hall, and the sub-committee had to eat dirt.

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When you have read this paper, pass it on to your neighbor.

EVOLUTION.

WHEN you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb
Of death,
And crept into life again.

We were Amphibians, tailed and scaled,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed
feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mould
Of a Neocomian shore.
The cons came and the cons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded
palms
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And, Oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Aurochs bull,
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We numbed the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint in a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close by the reedy tarn,
Where the mammoth came to drink—
Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes;
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand;
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of
might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here to-night in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's.
Your eyes are deep as the Devon Springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet;
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clays,
And the scarp on the Purbeck flags;
We have left our bones in the Bagshot
stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags.
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death may come amain;
Should it come to-day, what man may say
We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc
beds
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim
dawn,
And I know that it shall not die;
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried
caves,
Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

—LANGDON SMITH.

Easy Lessons in Socialism.

BY WILLIAM H. LEFFINGWELL.

Lesson No. 5.—Adapted.

PROPOSITIONS.

(a): It has been seen that all progress since the dawn of civilisation has been a series of class struggles; that the present struggle is between the capitalist and the worker; and that the interests of these two classes are diametrically opposed.

(b): The political parties are the representatives of class interests, and any party which stands for the continuation of the profit system is essentially a capitalist party, no matter what its name may be, or what reforms it may propose.

(c): That the profit system must of necessity fall.
(d): That the revolution which has taken place in production and which has greatly increased the product of each worker, has been brought about by co-operative methods and that the only thing which prevents the worker from living in comfort and security, instead of his present poverty, is the private ownership of the means of production and distribution.

Therefore:

The Socialist Party, a party of the working-men, organised strictly on class lines, proposes to abolish this system before it brings disaster upon the people and institute a co-operative commonwealth by the following methods, which are the only ones possible:

First. Gain control of the powers of government and exercise them in behalf of the working class.

Second. Operate all industries collectively, giving the worker the full social value of his product.

The above things we have learned in the four previous lessons. Much more could have been said on the subjects covered in each lesson, but it was the writer's intention to make these lessons short and simple.

Now that you have mastered the subject, what do you think of socialism? Count the points in its favor, shown in the first four lessons:

Lesson No. 1 shows that the socialist movement is evolutionary in character, and is based upon a most vital principle—the class struggle. That's no idle dream nor fanciful theory—it is a fact, a cold, stubborn fact.

Lesson No. 2 shows the necessity of the workingman breaking away from the old capitalistic parties and joining a party which has for its purpose the abolition of the damnable system under which we are living, which causes so much misery and poverty. Every vote that is cast for any other party (and this is not an egotistical boast, but a logical conclusion) simply forges another link in the fetters which hold the workingman in bondage.

Lesson No. 3 shows that it is impossible for the present system to last for any great length of time and that sooner or later it will fall. Its doom is certain. And there is a very great possibility of there being bloodshed and internal war, brought upon us by the capitalist class, through the ignorance of the workers. If the people are sufficiently educated as to the socialist solution this period of disorder may be greatly shortened and perhaps prevented altogether. But should ignorance prevail, it is hard to say how long it will last.

Lesson No. 4 shows that the cause of the evils of this system is the private ownership of the means of production and distribution—the means of life, in short—and proves that the only way to get rid of the effects is to remove the cause.

After carefully considering all these things you must certainly come to the conclusion that socialism is not only not impracticable, but it is inevitable; and that it is not only your privilege to enter the International Socialist Party, but it is your DUTY. It is a duty that you owe to your wife and family, and to yourself. It is not only your duty to do right, but it is also your duty to do all possible to induce others to do likewise; for should the crisis come before the people, or at least a very large majority of them, thoroughly understand that the only possible remedy is socialism, the vast army of unemployed, starving workmen are liable to cause a good deal of damage—per-

haps provoke a bloody internal war. YOU can help the socialists to solve the matter peacefully.

The very best way to help bring socialism is by the united efforts of thousands; *cogito* join the party, and join it at once.

Open Column.

Academic Socialism.

EDITOR, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.—Would you pardon me a few remarks on your comment published in last issue under the above heading. You claim for the International Socialists and those who subscribe to the platform the exclusive right to the name of Socialists. Yet in another article on the same page I find this statement: "We are quite in agreement as to our objective which is Communism . . . but we have strident divergences of opinion as to the best methods by which it may be achieved."

The point at issue between you and Mr. Collins, who expressed only his individual opinions, is the necessity for military training in the socialised State. This is what Mr. Collins actually wrote:

"Even in the State which approximates perfection there must be discipline. The individual must not be allowed to sin against society. . . . A military force of some description must exist for the purpose of suppressing reactionary tendencies. To place such a force at the disposal of one State is to render it possible for that State to encroach on the rights of others. The solution then is the very antithesis of the maintenance of conscripted millions, it is the making of military training a part of every able-bodied man's education."

Personally I cannot imagine the time when the State as a unit of organisation and administration will be absolutely unnecessary. And just as necessary would appear to be the existence of ability to repress unsocial tendencies.

If, as International Socialists, you believe that man by the institution of the Socialistic State will be radically reformed out of his innate selfishness, and changed in his ordinary tendencies and dispositions, then this argument loses weight, and we stand on entirely different platforms.

But—pardon me the question—will men under Socialism become unselfish and self-sacrificing to the exclusion of the self-seeking feelings?—Yours, etc.,

H.B.

Mackay Pioneer reprints Mr. Unsen's article on "The Crime of Patriotism." We have several other excellent articles on Militarism by the same writer, to be printed shortly.

Will writers for this paper note that if "copy" is marked "Press copy only," and the ends left open, a penny stamp will be sufficient to carry it to this office from any part of Australia.

Newsletter says Sydney City Council "proposes to expend £400,000 in beautifying Macquarie-street to make a fine motor-way for the silvertails."

It cost Australia about a million sterling of money to keep up the birthday of the Royal Juvenile, the Prince of Wales. The entire continent stopped work and wondered why. The universal toast was—"Wot rot!"—Newsletter.

Judging by the letters written to the papers by some lawyer person for Williamson and Phillips (of South Clifton notoriety), it would appear that some interested person is tugging vigorously at the leg of each of those misguided individuals.

When you have read this paper, pass it on to your neighbor.

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- "The Red Flag Brigade"—jailed for protesting against the Corcoran Act.
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